

ARIZONA CITIZEN.

Vol. III.]

TUCSON, PIMA COUNTY, A. T., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1873.

[No. 48.]

THE ARIZONA CITIZEN

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Business advertisements at Reduced Rates. Office south side Court-house Plaza. JOHN WASSON, Proprietor.

AUTHORIZED AGENTS FOR THE CITIZEN:

W. N. Kelley, newsdealer at Prescott, has The Citizen for sale.
L. P. Fisher, 20 and 21 New Merchants' Exchange, is our authorized agent in San Francisco.
Schneider, Grierson & Co., Arizona City
K. Irvine & Co., Phoenix
H. A. Bissell will receive and receipt for money for The Citizen at Prescott.

R. A. WILBUR, M. D.,

TUCSON - - - - - ARIZONA.
OFFICE: COR. STONE AND CONVENT STS.

J. C. HANDY, M. D.,

TUCSON - - - - - ARIZONA.
CORNER OF CHURCH AND CONVENT.

COLES BASHFORD,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
TUCSON - - - - - ARIZONA.
Will practice in all the Courts of the Territory. 111

J. E. McCAFFERY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
U. S. District Attorney for Arizona.
TUCSON - - - - - ARIZONA.
Office on Congress street. 111

E. C. HUGHES,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ATTORNEY-GENERAL ARIZONA,
TUCSON - - - - - ARIZONA.
Office on Congress street. my411

HOWARD & SONS, & E. DENT,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
LOS ANGELES - - - - - CALIFORNIA.
Legalization of Mexican titles especially attended to. Address,
Messrs E. Howard & Sons, Los Angeles, California, June 13, 17.

CHARLES O. BROWN,

Dealer in Imported
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS,
CONGRESS HALL,
TUCSON, A. T.

ROUNTREE & LUBBERT,

IMPORTERS AND FORWARDING MERCHANTS,
GUAYMAS, MEXICO.
OFFICE: THEIR SERVICES TO THE
Merchants of Tucson and to all who may wish to send themselves of the shortest and cheapest route for transporting MERCHANDISE from San Francisco to Arizona via Guaymas. Nothing shall be wanting on our part to insure quick dispatch.

NOTE.—We are agents for the CLARK CHAIR, Manufactured in Guaymas and SUPERIOR to all others manufactured on this Coast. ORDERS SOLICITED.
August 30-69.

G. W. CHESLEY. J. S. JONES.

G. W. CHESLEY AND CO.,

Importers and Wholesale Dealers

FINE WINES AND LIQUORS.

Sole Importers of
CUNDURANGO BITTERS.
No. 414 Front street, San Francisco, Cal.
and 51 Front St., Sacramento.

Special attention will be paid to the trade in Arizona.
May 24. 6m.

E. N. FISH. S. SILVERBERG.
Tucson. San Francisco,
Jos. COLLINGWOOD, Florence.

E. N. FISH AND CO.,

MAIN ST., FLORENCE.
Wholesale and Retail
—DEALERS IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

HAVE constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Groceries, Provisions, Liquors, Cigars and Tobacco, Hardware, etc., which we will sell at the very lowest prices.
We have, also, Hay and Grain, constantly on hand to supply the public. 5-11

LETTER FROM THE "OLD SOD."

About Pictures that are not Painted
—What a Hasty Tour Amounts to
at Best—A Zigzag Run Across the
Emerald Isle.

BELFAST, IRELAND, July 30.—There is only this excuse I have for myself or any other idiot or innocent abroad on a flying trip, as a majority of Americans in Europe ever are, and this year particularly. If we are truly capable of appreciating a real painting by human hands—one by the best of hands—we are, or should be, all the better able to enjoy the scenery, natural and artificial, which I fancy everywhere abounds in this old world. I refer more specially now to the works of man touched by nature through years and centuries of them; almost geological periods as it were. We have greater rivers, mountains, etc. at home, but we have not got the universally cultivated or improved hills and valleys, lakes and rivers, which are everywhere found in Europe; so solid and enduring, that even tradition is unsatisfactory as to the founder of this castle, that bridge, or yonder wall in general. Here is art finished by nature into the grandest picture gallery I can conceive. A birdseye view thereof is a continual pleasure to me, whether I am more fit to judge of a study by old Mike Angel in the Vatican, than a mole is to sing tenor for Mad. Nilsson. I feel that I am not wholly upon a wild goose chase, and if you now understand what I am talking about—all right; you will have the best of me once, if you do.

I was not sea-sick, but rather sick of the sea—its monotony—hence I got off it the first opportunity. Queens-town is the harbor for the very interesting city of Cork in the south of Ireland. Cork is twelve miles up the river Lee from the beautiful and well fortified harbor. The scene is almost tropical in its luxuriance of verdure. The river is walled up the sides, and the banks and rolling country adjoining are lined and marked with all sorts of fine residences, cottages, fences of stone, tipped or covered with different kinds of hedge; flowers of the most delicate construction and colors. If I could have bought the whole Island then, I should have certainly done it and sent the remainder of the inhabitants across to help out the Democracy in '76. I think it were better for the Irish if such a Democratic sort of devil as myself owned it all, instead of the half-dozen thoroughbred old tyrants of landlords that now have it among them. This is the very first grand, distinguishing feature of the picture of Ireland that an observing "tourist" will discover, "and when found make a note on."

Mexican towns and cities as a rule terminate short off like a precipice—no houses outside to speak of as in our country where the farmers own the land they live on and sooner or later have considerable mansions. Here is a country older than Christ and a great deal more crucified, and we only yet see towns and cabins. Its owners mostly live in England or on the continent and let Pat and the Pig pay the rent, whether the crops are good or bad. One may read of these things when thousands of miles away, but the fact is never quite fixed in the mind thereby. I will read of the picture hereafter perhaps more intently for this trip. But Ireland is truly as green as reported. Notwithstanding it is all on the latitude of Labrador, the Gulf Stream twirls round it like an affectionate vine and tones down the atmosphere to about that of the Willamette Valley, Oregon. Here, however, the rainy season may be repeated all the time. It has rained every day since I landed, and will continue till I leave. (No pun intended). I never went out visiting where the weather could interfere, but what it did. Owing to the original forests of Ireland being long ago converted into peat, etc., wood and lumber are secondary items. Barns are not a part of the scenery further than that the various cattle all live under one roof. The hay is stacked. Pat mowing his potato-patch grass plat with the quaintest old scythe, renders the foreground of the picture as life-like and jolly as Father Time on a pale horse. The peat bogs somewhat remind me of the lava-beds. They pile it up to dry like adobes, and it is as good fuel as California coal. The one thing lacking to com-

plete the landscape, I think, are trees on Ireland's mountain tops; they are never void of vegetation, where the rocks are not perpendicular and too smooth for the moss to catch, but they lend a certain bleakness to the country not as I would have it. There are several real long mountains round the Killarney lakes, which would be completely grand as well as enchanting, but for that. But understand, I did not come here to look for natural scenery superior to much of our own, but for art in connection. And "my lords" Herbert and Kenmare, who own the lakes and all of county Kerry, have done (or their predecessors have) about all that could be to render that corner of the Old Sod one grand park. In fact, Ireland is all one great park, alongside of which Fairmount at Philadelphia is but a sorry fly-speck. Limerick, on the west side of the island, is located more beautifully upon the river Shannon than Cork upon the Lee. From there over to the chief city, Dublin, on this the east side; thence up the coast to Belfast, the northeastern and most enterprising city in the country. Its linen manufactures renders it most active and the only city in Ireland that nearly holds its own in population. Emigration is getting ahead of the baby business, and I appreciate the poet's song of

"There came to the Irish a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill."

Really his robes are as a rule as seedy as an old thistle patch, and the only thing that prevents the winds from making a similar scatterment, is the great amount of ruin, which poetry converts into dew. Whenever Pat is short of water, he just puts in more whisky; and both he and his wife have a place to put it. I saw an old girl at Cork stop her mug with four glasses raw in quick succession. I went out then and kissed the bust of Father Mathew, whose great example has evidently gone to seed in Cork—his native home. There are very few four-wheeled vehicles in Ireland, and of all the cart-constructed concerns on earth, the jaunting car is the most deliciously absurd; it is as enjoyable at first as a boy's first breeches and sliding down hill. I had ridden most all sorts of animals—from a steer to a mustang—but I just thought this proved to be the king-pin of vehicles. The wheels are all covered over as it were by a great broad pack-saddle, on which you sit sideways like a woman, but with both feet in the stirrup. We went out to Blarney Castle and the groves in this thing, and with the wildest sort of a Patric driver (and we could afford to fill him with beer at two cents a drink), we had the devil's own spree. I am satisfied of it. It was the gayest sort of foolery for a change I had ever met with. Kingston, Jamaica, has a species of turnout that makes a man feel quite as ridiculous the first time, but the Irish jaunting-car forever for my money now. Blarney Castle at Cork, and Muckross Abbey at Killarney, are the two most interesting relics or ruins I have yet visited; both in good state of preservation considering. Blarney is the older—almost prehistoric. The main tower is as of old—120 feet high. There has been many a bully fight in and round its strong walls, and I don't know that Ireland is much less barbarous for the change from feudalism to aristocratic rule. There is a constabulary police force of 13,000 in Ireland, besides the regular military stations. Excepting this place, its other three chief cities are brilliant with uniforms. Am sorry I was not here for the Spring or Orange fight. The bloody Boyne river looked peaceable as goat's milk and whiskey ("mountain dew"), as I looked at it this morning from the splendid bridge twenty-five miles this side of Dublin. I have a thousand and one things I feel like writing you—the most interesting to me, in fact—but your space will not admit, to say nothing of your patience. W.

A LITTLE girl, daughter of a clergyman, being left one day to "tend door," and obeying a summons of the bell, found a gentleman on the steps who wished to see her father. "Father isn't in," she said, "but if it's anything about your soul I can attend to you. I know the whole plan of salvation."

ON MINING AND MINERS.

LETTER TWO.

Mining in General.

Mining, next to agriculture, is the most important natural resource in the development of a nation; and as a civilizer, the coequal of agriculture. All countries deficient in mines, or with their mining resources dormant, or but partially and unsystematically developed, form the rear of our progressive civilization, while those alive to their importance, and ever active in their healthy development, stand at the head of it. The products of mining are daily, hourly wanted in everything, in agriculture, in the arts, in sciences and commerce. Who then dares to say, that mining is but a game, a swindle, and the ruin of thousands? Ay! thousands and hundreds of thousands of fools say it; say it, because they have dabbled in it, took it as a game, and lost in it as a game; applied their ignorance and worst qualities in it, instead of their intelligence and best qualities; employed ignoramuses and pretenders, because such lend themselves to all kinds of dirty work; they neglect the honorable professional man, because he does not do so, does not make false reports and misstatements to suit the stock-market, and to the detriment of others and mining in general. Is mining a swindle, a game, because some hundreds of swindlers, gamblers and thieves, infest California, Wall and other prominent streets, thinking of and planning best the ruin of mining, and trying to find the mystic formula by which mining might be reduced to a scientific game or swindle? Will they succeed?

Mining is as legitimate a business as agriculture, more legitimate and honorable than commerce, and as a legitimate investment, it pays better than either of the two. If therefore it has not done so on this Pacific Coast, the fault was not with mining, but with the mode in which it was and is still, to a great extent, carried on. What merchant would think of putting at the head of his business, a man altogether ignorant in all things appertaining to legitimate corners, its rules and formulas? Not one in a million! He would scorn at the very suggestion. And yet has the community of this country—in its character as capital—again and again put men at the head of its mining enterprises, ignorant on all subjects appertaining to mining, wanting even in a general education, and sometimes in character and besotted in strong drinks and only cheeky, extremely cheeky. But one degree above this kind of "mining engineers," stands the so-called business man, not less cheeky and ever ready to assert that he is a jack of all trades, and can show you even the way to heaven and its best entrance, provided you pay him for it. But after having been paid, he will cheekily tell you that he lost the key to it. Needs mining less of study, less of practice, less of knowledge and business capacity, than commerce? It needs all these things in a much higher degree. Why then treat it but as an inferior trade? when it is a trade in a higher sense, requiring a combination of art and science. Why ask more from it, as a legitimate profit, or burden it (any company) with ten millions of stock, when less than one hundred thousand dollars have been expended in its acquisition and development? Put mining on an equal footing with commerce, and you will see how it will come out. Take it out of the hands of swindlers, gamblers and ignoramuses, and put it into the hands of those whose legitimate trade or profession it is, and you will see it rise, as a Phoenix, from its ashes. It is a wonder that mining, as it has been mutilated and prostituted for the last twenty years, is still what it is. It need, therefore, not despair, for it will purge itself of the dross in which it is still enveloped, take its place as one of the powerful levers in the advancement of our race. J. J. M.

WASHINGTON, August 21.—Secretary Belknap has ordered the execution of the Medoes to take place at Fort Klamath, under the direction of General Schofield. The New York Herald and Times warmly endorse the President's action in refusing to listen to the "peace" hypocrites who wanted the murderers turned loose.

Military and Other Matters.

Our Prescott correspondence contains these items of news:

The Court of Inquiry that examined into the management of Capt. Thomas Byrne, 12th Infantry, at Beale's Springs, not only exonerated that officer from any wrong, but found that he had gained great control over the Indians "by his honesty, kindness and justice towards them."

A general court-martial was constituted August 18, to meet at Fort Whipple, September 3.

First Lieut. W. C. Manning, 23d Infantry, is relieved from duty in Arizona and ordered to report to the superintendent of the general recruiting service in New York City, for duty.

Lieut. Weiting, 23d Infantry, who was severely injured in the face by the explosion of a fire extinguisher, has entirely recovered.

The small detachments of troops yet at Hualpai and Date Creek, will be withdrawn by September 1.

Mr. Thomas Ewing, beef contractor, has visited Fort Whipple on business connected with the meat supply.

Gen. Crook and Capt. Nickerson, with a small party of gentlemen have gone on a hunt, to be absent three or four days.

It is understood that Gen. Dana received funds by last mail. This will be good news to freighters and contractors.

All is quiet at Verde and Apache by last reports.

The infantry company at Date Creek is under orders to march at once and build the telegraph line from Prescott to Phoenix—Lieutenant Trout, 23d Infantry, in charge. Two telegraph operators have arrived at Prescott and reported at Department Headquarters for duty. The line will surely be completed before Christmas.

A couple of gentlemen representing very large stock-raising interests in California, have arrived at Prescott with a view to selecting sites for large ranches. They have for sometime been contemplating such an investment in our Territory, and have only awaited the conclusion of Gen. Crook's successful operations against the Apaches, to visit and examine our grazing lands.

Copious rains fell at Prescott August 20, 21 and 22.

GOOD NEWS.—Authentic reports received last evening assure us that one of the murderers of Edward Lumley at Kenyon Station, August 18, was killed just over the Colorado River, in California, by parties pursuing him, and that the other was captured alive and taken to Yuma. Particulars of the pursuit and capture are not received. Gov. Safford authorizes us to say that when he receives the necessary proofs of the destruction of one of the assassins and capture of the other and who is entitled to the reward of \$500 which he offered, the amount will be promptly paid.

We have just received a document which reads: Reception. Mr. & Mrs. J. H. Marion respectfully solicit the pleasure of your company on Tuesday, September 16, 1873, at 7 p. m., at their residence, Prescott, A. T. Mrs. F. E. Marion, nee Banghart. Mr. J. H. Marion.

Now we understand what all those visits to Chino Valley meant. Well, we trust both will increase their stock of happiness and contentment, and owning and running a newspaper of course will insure them wealth.

Six wagons loaded with barley, passed Tucson yesterday, bound for Camp Grant. Each wagon was drawn by five yoke of oxen, and the grain was sent by H. E. Lacy for government.

SAMUEL BRAUN, of Munster, on the Rhine, in the province of Alsace, would like to hear from his son, Solomon Braun.

A POLITICAL orator, speaking of a certain general whom he admired, said he was always on the field of battle where the bullets were the thickest. "Where was that?" asked one of the auditors. "In the ammunition wagon," responded another.